THE New Republic

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Viet-Nam: Civil War Again?

by H. Arthur Steiner

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

Eisenhower goes to Geneva this week. No President in history that we know of at such a moment has had such bipartisan support. The Senate summed it up in rejecting, 77 to four, the McCarthy handcuff resolution. We live in a world now where we can blow each other up; maybe life itself. It is a fantastic world. But is the A-bomb more fantastic than the staggering $35 billion we spend each year, as a matter of course, on armaments to "protect" ourselves? If we could save that sum—half that sum—it would solve every legislative problem now in Congress that has a price tag on it. It would pay for highways, schools, health, social security. And so we say, Good luck, Mr. President.

In many state legislatures apportionment is 30 years behind the times, giving dominating local power to the rural areas which are predominantly conservative. That is one of the key factors in US politics today, rarely understood by laymen. The Commission on Intergovernmental Relations under Meyer Kestnbaum has just dredged up prize exhibits. Here are a few. Illinois: No reapportionment since 1901; Cook County has half the state's population but less than 40 percent of the legislative seats. Iowa: No reapportionment in 40 years—"a majority of the legislature represents less than one-third of the state's total population." Pennsylvania: the state constitution requires decennial reapportionment; the legislature ignores it—"generally speaking the Republicans come from rural areas and the Democrats from urban districts." Rhode Island: Providence, with 31 percent of the population, has only 11 percent of the state senate seats; "the Republican Party has been able to maintain a tight grip on the upper house because of over-rural representation, based on a system of rotten boroughs." . . . And so on.

The funny thing about the rotten borough system, almost universal in the states, is that it is beginning to defeat itself. The big cities are by-passing the states and going direct to Washington. That is the real thing that is weakening state governments; they are archaic, the Kestnbaum report discovers. Conservatives urged "state's rights" to get national reforms smothered in rural-dominated legislatures; but now things have got so bad that state governments are diminishing in influence. The state's-righters are producing the centralization which they deplore.

While Ike is out golfing, things sometimes aren't told to him. Here are three incidents in one week.

At his Wednesday press conference the President said nobody in his government had intimated that the Soviets were going to Geneva "out of weakness." Next day the Dulles testimony of June 10 was published saying Russia's economic system was "on the point of collapsing." . . . They hadn't told Ike.

The President said recently that "every bit" of pertinent information on Dixon-Yates had been published. His budget director, Rowland Hughes, also testified three weeks ago that he did not believe the First Boston Corporation was the financial agent for the deal. Yet last week it was revealed that First Boston *was* the agent, and that its vice-president, Adolphe Wenzell, had previously been consultant at the Budget Bureau before the contract went to Dixon-Yates, without competitive bidding. The name of neither "First Boston" nor "Wenzell" are mentioned in the Administration's official story of the contract of last August . . . They hadn't told Ike.

And, thirdly, *Des Moines Register* newshawk Clark Mollenhoff asked the President, March 30, how he had come to pick Allen Whitfield, Iowa lawyer-politician, for membership on the Atomic Energy Commission. The illuminating answer was that he must depend on the people close to him in whom he put trust for advice and counsel in the selection of subordinates, and that he didn't think anything worse was being said about Whitfield than about lots of people. Well, Whitfield has now suddenly withdrawn his name after Congressional investigators began exploring his handling of certain cases as an estate lawyer. The AEC was created in 1946, and Whitfield was the first politician picked for membership. (Of course the AEC was dropped into politics, too, when the Administration made it the intermediary for the attack on TVA, through Dixon-Yates.) . . . But they hadn't told Ike.

The Whitfield incident recalls the fact that Washington's regulatory commissions are the "fourth branch" of our government, and that Eisenhower appointees are quietly changing their New Deal complexion. This revolution is going on almost unknown to the public. For example, Ike has made four appointments to the seven-man Federal Communications Commission. He replaced Frieda Hennock (who gaves us educational TV) with an unknown Florida Democrat; he named Messrs. Doerfer and Lee (two friends of McCarthy, in the appeasement stage of the Administration) to the Commission and picked as chairman a lawyer for Ohio telephone companies whose interstate business is under FCC regulation. These Federal agencies police business and, like other police, they have wide discretionary authority. Eisenhower appointees aren't likely to crack down on big business.

The first major break-through of public power advocates occurred in the new Public Works Appropriation bill, slipped in quietly by the Senate. Though the initial sums are relatively small, they will amout to hundreds of millions by completion. There are three new reclamation "starts," to produce ultimately 235,000 kilowatts of power, a new Missouri system transmission line, and a couple of big Northwest power dams (Cougar and Ice Harbor) to be built by the Army, the ultimate cost of which will be nearly $200 million. The Budget Bureau approved none of these projects which appear as "riders" on an appropriation bill that can't be vetoed, and in the teeth of Administration disapproval of public power. We don't care for "riders," but in this instance it is rather nice to see them favoring public power.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

How Ike's Atomic Alarm System Would Work

WHEN PRESIDENT EISENHOWER told his news conference that the United States is exploring a new arms control plan, he confirmed that this government had scrapped the disarmament inspection system which had been our official policy since 1946, and he spoke with favor of a different control system, generally referred to as the "alarm system," which the Soviet had generally endorsed in its disarmament proposals last May 10.

These revelations by the President suggest a new flexibility on the disarmament question, which will underlie all other issues at the Big Four meeting. They also may explain the curious contrast of Eisenhower optimism and the pessimism of his Secretary of State.

The partial thaw in the arms control issues springs from his postwar impasse. During 1946-1955 the Soviet Union put forward with monotonous repetition a plan to cut arms by percentages and to abolish nuclear weapons, without inspection. The United States with equal monotony advocated a system of agreed arms ceilings, prohibition of nuclear weapons, and compliance verified by a UN Authority which would inspect all military forces and factories.

Within the past 60 days both sides have receded from these fixed positions. The men who are doing the President's staff work on this question—an estimated 100 of them in the Executive Offices, the State Department, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Defense Establishment and the National Security Council—are still very skeptical whether the Soviet Union is prepared to accept a realistic control system, and their view is reflected in the pessimism of the Secretary of State. But the President has adopted a posture of hope calculated to carry the support of our Allies and foster a productive atmosphere at Geneva.

The previous American idea of inspection was outmoded. Scientists contended as early as 1953 that nuclear materials defied inspection because materials suitable for weapons had been produced in great quantity, could be hidden in very small space, and would give off no telltale radiation. (See Sir George Thomson, *NR*, March 14.)

Moreover, this American idea of inspection was probably unacceptable politically to either the US Congress or the Soviet Presidium. As Walter Lippmann has pointed out, the former American plan was based on the idea that "all military secrecy is by agreement to be abolished, that all the security precautions and all the counterespionage arrangements are to be discarded, that Americans are to inspect the Soviet defense establishment and Russians are to inspect the American." Turning his back upon this scheme, the President made three observations which hint at his new approach:

1. The foundation of full disarmament must be mutual trust, which does not exist; but we are now in an "interim phase" in which the United States is trying to take a partial step toward both mutual trust and arms limitation.

2. Unlimited inspection (the American proposal during 1946-1955) cannot detect hidden nuclear weapons, or even prevent the rapid conversion of atomic materials from peace-time use to military purposes. But there are more limited approaches to inspection, such as checking the large airfields needed for long-range bombers, or spotting the large factories needed to produce guided missiles. "And there are other ways of approaching it," the President added cryptically.

3. Disarmament is a slow process of accommodation. (He seemed to imply a much more gradual period than the two-year reduction scheme proposed by the Soviet Government, to be completed in 1956-1957.)

The limited inspection system which the President cautiously referred to is substantially similar to that endorsed by the Russians on May 10, with the following general features:

The UN General Assembly, constituting itself a control agency, will set up "control posts in big ports, railway junctions, motor roads and airdromes" of all states to watch for signs of impending sudden attack by one state upon another.

This system was described by Thomas Finletter, former Secretary of the Air Force, as the fire alarm without any fire engines, but it has the advantage of giving much earlier warning of massive attack than would the American radar screen in northern Canada.

No nation could launch a major attack without mobilizing extensive manpower and equipment, and such mobilization would be observable at the transportation points listed by the Soviet Government.

Now if the President's staff have

"Yes, we'll be there, rain and shine."

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placed this system before him, as his news conference remarks indicated, it also follows that the kind of arms limitation to be considered in this "interim period" could be only a half step, a scheme much more limited than that proposed by the Russians on May 10. The alarm system would give security only if combined with a system of arms limitations designed to maintain an equilibrium between East and West, probably at a level substantially lower than the present arms expenditures, yet leaving sufficient military striking force on each side to retaliate if the other party broke the agreement. Nuclear weapons could not be outlawed under this alarm system.

The President's cryptic reference to "other ways" of inspection could refer to two known systems. One is overflights. If the UN, as a control agent, were authorized to make unlimited airflights over member states, and to supply its aerial observations to ground checking posts, this would create a substantially tighter control mechanism.

Another approach is the remote testing of the atmosphere for nuclear activity. Detection of explosions by atmospheric tests has been a publicly acknowledged technique. But whether remote tests can determine the volume and nature of fissionable material being processed in a foreign country is something the United States officials working on disarmament will not discuss.

Even if the East and the West following the Big Four meeting were to agree upon some kind of alarm system and a level of armaments which gives each side a force sufficient for self defense, there would be obstacles still to be worked out.

Under truce agreements in both Korea and Indo-China the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commissions have found that Communist Governments can use endless subterfuges to build up forces beyond agreed levels, and administrative obstacles can prevent ground inspectors from carrying out their duties. These lessons would be applied in examining any world-wide scheme.

Moreover, the disarmament scheme in Europe is unavoidably linked with a political security system, for which both the Russians and the Western chiefs of state are expected to have new proposals for discussion at Geneva.

The President's new flexibility arouses "hope but not yet expectation," to use his phrase.

Prosperity and 1956

REPUBLICANS in Washington have not said "We told you so"—that is, not in so many words, but there is noticeable glee all over the all-time records set by the American economy in the first half of 1955.

Here are some of the records which are causing political comment:

Employment reached an all-time high of 64 million in June.

Construction is running at an annual rate of $41.8 billion, more than $2 billion above last year's record.

Auto production, the industrial pacesetter, will far surpass the 1950 record of 6.6 million units.

Gross national product—an estimate of the value of all goods and services produced—climbed to a record annual rate of $375 billion at the end of June.

A remarkable aspect of these records is that they are achieved with reduced military spending, with the lowest foreign aid budget in 10 years, without the Korean War, in fact without any extraordinary stimulant except a booming civilian economy.

While the tide is rolling, most government economists are still fearful of three possible dangers:

1. The credit boom. Installment buying now exceeds $24 billion and mortgages $75 billion.

2. Possible inflationary influence of the 20 cents per hour package settlement in the auto industry and the 15 cents wage increase in the steel industry.

3. The steady climb of the stock market above the peak of 1929.

The inflation threat is best illustrated by the steel settlement. A rise in steel wages always brings a related rise in wages paid by the coal industry, and often in the copper, rubber and electrical industries. The CIO has announced its next target is General Electric, the pacesetter in its field.

The amount of steel price increase, averaging $7.50 a ton, surprised economists, yet was taken with no complaints by steel buyers, who had feared a prolonged strike. A spokesman for the CIO Steel Workers estimates that the company needed to raise steel prices only $3 a ton to recover the cost of the wage increases. The major companies said they needed $6 a ton to break even. Yet the companies frankly defended their increase by stating they would use the difference to finance plant expansion.

The steel companies estimated that their price rise would increase the cost of materials in a popular automobile only $15 and in a 6-room house by $19. But by the time these industries have added the capital investment needed for their expansion, and the cost of their wage increases, it is possible that the stable price level of the past two years will be pushed steadily upward.

Political forecasters may be predicting a super-prosperous 1956, but government economists are offering no odds.

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The Web of Circumstances in Massachusetts

IN MASSACHUSETTS, the Joint Commission to Investigate Communism, Subversive Activities and Related Matters, under the chairmanship of Sen. Philip G. Bowker (R, Brookline), led a quiet existence until last year. Then the extending act empowered and ordered the Commission to include in its final report "the name and all other identifying data available to the Commission, of any individual concerning whom the commission, during the course of the investigation, has received creditable evidence that such individual was or is a member of the Communist Party, a Communist or a subversive." The new provision, an obvious violation of due process, was complicated by the fact that Communism is a statutory felony in Massachusetts.

The new bill was passed with a minimum of fuss. Mario Umana, ADA stalwart in the Senate, busied himself with other measures; and Gov. Christian Herter, who is a Harvard overseer, signed it. Attorney General George Fingold said that "the power and propriety of a study by the legislature through a special commission cannot be questioned." John E. Powers, Senate Democratic Minority Leader and ranking minority member of the Bowker Commission, added that in publishing the blacklist the Commission would "charge nobody with any crime." Powers, who wants to be mayor of Boston, probably was like most of the General Court in not caring much about the issue one way or other.

In the months that followed, the Bowker Commission went about its work as it had in the past. Known Communists and ex-Communists were summoned; they either told what was already well known or pleaded the Fifth Amendment. They were then dismissed and duly listed. Of some 300 witnesses, it was rumored that 100 would be listed.

The task of blocking the blacklist fell to private citizens. The agency of appeal was obviously the State Supreme Court. In April, 1955, a month and a half before the Commission deadline, Judge Jacob J. Kaplan, and attorneys Alexander Whiteside, B. Loring Young, Richard Wait and Willard B. Luther asked the Massachusetts Supreme Court to enjoin the Bowker Commission from publishing its list; since Communist membership was a crime, said the lawyers, the legislature, in putting out names of the presumably guilty, was performing the work of a grand jury, a judicial function. To press their point these lawyers had subpoenas served on the members of the Bowker Commission.

Thus the issue was joined. Obviously, the legislature was planning an improper act in publishing without trial a list of criminals. On the other hand, any attempt by the Supreme Court to stop the report would be an attempt to limit speech on the Senate floor, a thing unheard of for 200 years. The service of the subpoena required Bowker to respond with an immediate stand on the issue. He did, in a curiously apt way. He announced first that he would tear the subpoena up, but on reflection, he decided to ask the General Court, the Commission's parent body, for instruction. He suggested that Kaplan and his associates were "assigned by invisible forces," and said the Commission might get around to investigating them.

The General Court was strangely sluggish in telling Bowker what to do with the subpoena. He had received it April 7, but he was still waiting for instruction by the 20th, when Justice Edward A. Counihan dismissed the lawyers' suit for lack of jurisdiction. The lawyers, now desperate, announced an appeal to the full Supreme Court. The Court rejected the lawyers' suit early in May on the eminently reasonable grounds that the lawyers could not prove that publication of the report would hurt them. A citizen, in other words, would have to wait until Bowker published the report before he could get a court order telling Bowker not to report. The Bowker Commission no doubt was performing a judicial function, but if the Supreme Court tried to stop the Commission, it would infringe on legislative rights.

On May 15 the Bowker Commission was due to die. With three days to go, it was granted a new term through legislation passed without debate in the General Court. Governor Herter signed the bill. The newspapers ignored it. After the extension, publication of the Bowker report on June 7 was an anticlimax. Powers was the only Commission member of importance, and he was exerting his main efforts in a successful attempt to prevent the creation of a Boston Common parking-garage authority. Even so, Bowker gave him the honor of reading off the list of 85 names on the Senate floor. There was nothing much new about them. Most of the people cited were known Communists. Of a few others, most notably a Smith College art professor, the Commission claimed "creditable evidence" of subversive activity. Among other things, Powers said : "This is not a question of civil liberties. We are not around to destroy characters or reputations. Unfortunately there have been people who have been caught in the web of circumstances."

Hold for '56

PASSAGE of a social security bill in this session of Congress rests in the hands of Sen. Harry F. Byrd (D, Va.). If Senator Byrd's hands close into the tight fists for which he is renowned, they will choke off any extension of social security benefits and, along with them, one of the major campaign issues that the Democrats hoped to develop this year.

The Democratic plan calls for: payments to totally disabled workers at the age of 50; lowering from 65 to 62 the age at which women are entitled to receive their checks; extension of benefits to disabled children of retired workers and survivors, even though the children may be over 18. It also sets up an advisory council which would review the social security program every five years. Secretary of Welfare Hobby's argument against the measure is simply that it costs too much. The proposed changes, she estimates, would cost upward of $2 billion a year.

This roughly is Senator Byrd's argument too. Whether the champion of fiscal soundness will be satisfied with the financing provisions of the House proposal—raising the social security tax from 2.5 to 3 percent—will determine whether it will get out of the Senate Finance Committee before Congress adjourns. If it does not, Democrats in the House may be counted upon to bring it up again in 1956, when election year pressures could give that extra shove to so popular a piece of legislation.

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About Face on Dixon-Yates

Why Eisenhower reversed himself: the story from Washington and Memphis, with comments by Gerald W. Johnson

THE First Boston Corporation is one of Wall Street's major investment banking houses. It did $1.25 billion in securities business in 1954—a very large proportion of it for electric companies. A First Boston executive was selected in 1953 to advise the Budget Bureau on bringing private power into the TVA area; the banking house itself was subsequently selected by Dixon-Yates, the utility combine picked to do the job, to negotiate the securities which would finance a private power plant.

Just how First Boston ever managed to achieve such eminence seems nothing short of a miracle in the light of last week's testimony before a Senate Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee. The modesty, the innocence, the open-handed spirit revealed by two of the firm's officers would surely have driven any ordinary businessman bankrupt in a matter of days.

Modesty dominated the Government - First Boston-Dixon-Yates negotiations. It was so dominant that for many months nobody even knew that First Boston was involved at all. The Joint Atomic Energy Committee had been trying hard—and in vain—to locate whoever was handling the financing arrangements. The Budget Bureau and the Atomic Energy Commission had issued "full and complete" chronologies of their parts in the Dixon-Yates negotiations, which contained no mention of the First Boston officials who had participated. In giving his story to the Securities and Exchange Commission, Edgar H. Dixon never uttered the words "First Boston." As late as a month ago, Budget Director Rowland Hughes, who had been collaborating with the bankers since 1953, told Senate investigators that he didn't think First Boston was acting as financial agent for Dixon-Yates.

Mr. Dixon and Mr. Yates

But good works will out. Early this year an anonymous employee of Ebasco, the engineering firm advising Dixon-Yates, made up a memorandum which, inadvertently, included the name of Adolphe H. Wenzell. First Boston could hide its light no longer, for Mr. Wenzell was a founder and vice-president of the corporation. He was also a consultant to the Budget Bureau on the Dixon-Yates transaction. In fact, for 10 months he had been paid by two institutions—First Boston and the US Treasury—simultaneously and, it was discovered upon investigation, he spent most of February, 1954, shuttling between his office in Washington and his office on lower Broadway in New York—Mondays and Fridays at First Boston, the middle of the week at the Budget Bureau.

In New York Mr. Wenzell collaborated in working out the financing of Dixon-Yates, the plan for which was completed and forwarded to Mr. Dixon on February 23; Mr. Dixon sent a statement of these arrangements to the Budget Bureau on February 28; Mr. Wenzell was right there in Washington when it arrived, all ready to advise the government on the plan he and his colleagues had concocted in New York a week before.

Its privacy having been impinged on by curious Senators, the First Boston Corporation was now bared in the hearings as a group of naïve New Yorkers caught in the political netherworld of the capital. The Wall Street bankers had from the very beginning assumed that the whole country knew they were in on the Dixon-Yates project. They were proud of their activities. *They* had never tried to conceal their role. It surprised them to note that they were ignored in the published accounts of the Budget Bureau, of the AEC, of Mr. Dixon and of everybody else. But not being pushy sorts, they didn't

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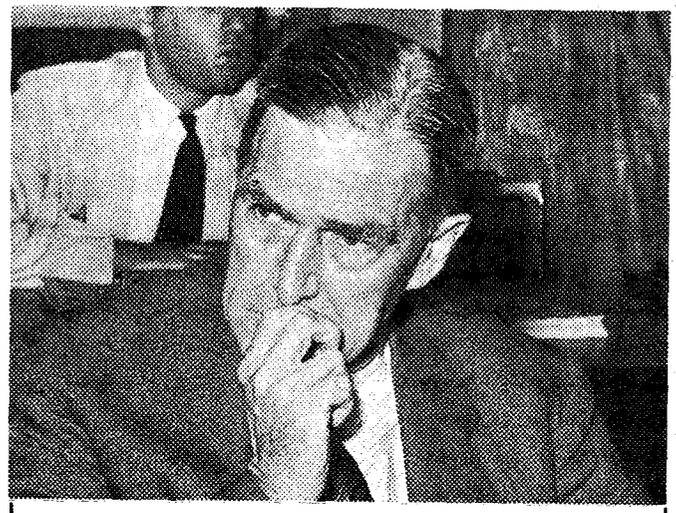
think any more about it. They were positively "astonished," however, at the suspicion expressed on the Senate floor on February 18 of this year by Lister Hill, (D, Ala.) that somebody had been trying to hide something. Indeed executives of First Boston spent four and one-half hours on February 19 telling Arthur H. Dean, senior partner of the firm of Sullivan and Cromwell and former special US representative to the Panmunjom peace conference, just how surprised and astonished they were. And on February 21, 1955, almost two years after Mr. Wenzell had first been called to Washington, First Boston put out a short press release acknowledging that they had indeed played a part in the Dixon-Yates transaction. Mr. Wenzell told the Senators: "There are lots of funny things I've been finding out here." "I don't understand it at all," he said.

The belated and accidental public revelation of Mr. Wenzell's schizophrenic activities since 1953 also permitted the nation a peek at the wild generosity of the bankers at First Boston. Most investment houses subsist by accepting very large brokerage fees. This is the way the First Boston Corporation subsisted, in fact flourished, right up until it became involved in the Dixon-Yates transaction. But then it decided to accept no fee from the utility combine for negotiating $120 million worth of securities. Why? "It was in the public interest!"

How exactly does one determine which transactions fall within the "public interest" classification? Well, Paul L. Miller, an assistant vice-president of the firm, wasn't able to give the Senate Committee any specific criteria. In fact, he wasn't able to give any examples of First Boston ever having taken on a job gratis before. They had placed a great number of securities for the government; they had worked for the World Bank; they had served many municipalities and states. But, apparently, none of these had ever met the "public interest" requirement.

Senators Kefauver (D, Tenn.), Gore (D, Tenn.), O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.), Anderson (D, N.M.) and Langer (R, N.D.) all hinted that perhaps there was something very, very special about Dixon-Yates; that perhaps the Senate's own investigation into the intimate relations between First Boston and the Budget Bureau may have prompted the bankers to adopt an unusual fiscal policy. Absolutely not, said Mr. Miller. The matter of accepting a fee was first discussed in July, 1954, (although the firm's records are rather sketchy on this point); First Boston's executive board decided in October to forego any remuneration; in November, they told the Dixon-Yates interests of their benevolent decision. (Strangely, Dixon-Yates officials still believed they were going to pay a fee well into 1955.)

The first *written* renunciation of payment did not come until May, 1955, in a letter to Edgar H. Dixon; this short and apparently simple letter required the expensive phrase-making talents of Mr. Dean. Coinci-



Mr. Wenzell Comes to Washington

May, 1953: Budget Director Dodge brings Wenzell to Washington to study TVA.

September, 1953: Wenzell completes his study and submits his report, which is not made public. In it he suggests several alternatives to TVA building its own steam power plant.

September to December, 1953: Policy talks are held in the Budget Bureau on the basis of Wenzell's suggestions. It is decided to let the Dixon-Yates group supply the needed power to the TVA area.

January, 1954: Wenzell is called back to Washington by Budget Director Hughes; he brings with him Miller, an expert on securities sales from First Boston. They attend meetings at the Budget Bureau and the AEC.

February, 1954: Wenzell commutes between New York and Washington and helps settle details of the financing. From May, 1953 to April, 1954 he has been on the payrolls of both the Budget Bureau and First Boston.

May, 1954: The final financing arrangements are agreed on between First Boston and the Dixon-Yates combine.

August, 1954: The Budget Bureau and the AEC issue chronologies of the Dixon-Yates negotiations. Neither Wenzell nor Miller is listed as having attended at least six meetings which both attended.

December, 1954: Edgar H. Dixon testifies before the SEC; he does not mention First Boston's part in the negotiations.

February, 1955: Budget Director Hughes describes Wenzell as merely a technical consultant hired by former Budget Director Dodge.

June, 1955: Asked whether First Boston is acting as the financial agent for Dixon-Yates, Hughes replies: "I don't believe it is but I don't know."

July, 1955: Wenzell and Miller testify that First Boston is definitely acting as broker and that Hughes has worked closely with them on the deal from the beginning.

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dentally, it was during that very month of May that Mr. Dixon was being hailed before the Securities and Exchange Commission and that Adolphe Wenzell's part in the whole Dixon-Yates deal was due to be probed. A US criminal statute makes it unlawful for an individual to act for the government as an agent in a transaction in which he has a personal interest. Did this have anything to do with First Boston's gracious waiving of fee? Absolutely not, declared Mr. Miller most primly.

Mr. Miller is a 35-year-old, round-faced man who looks like nothing so much as a successful young securities salesman. He faced the Senators with a confident, at times supercilious attitude; they were trespassers on his ground. He managed to come up with explanations for almost everything and seemed to expect the Senators to accept them without comment; Mr. Wenzell's resignation from First Boston on June 1, he attributed to the firm's compulsory retirement age of 65 . . . only Mr. Wenzell is 61. He rarely answered questions directly; he preferred to talk about related matters, like a salesman trying to unload a questionable bond issue. He was very cautious about committing himself and showed real skill in talking around a point.

Not so Mr. Wenzell. He is no salesman; he is an engineer, a taciturn 61-year-old expert on power matters. His answers were usually right to the point—once or twice to the obvious annoyance of his counsel, Mr. Dean. He conceded that First Boston had done business with Messrs. Dixon and Yates on several occasions prior to the latest deal; he said he presumed that a brokerage fee was still contemplated in 1955; he admitted that his role as a consultant was not restricted to technical niceties.

Mr. Wenzell believed he was performing a public service when he made recommendations for opening the TVA area to private interests, and he still believes it. He thinks TVA is "galloping socialism." Mr. Wenzell believed he was acting in the public interest when, as a $10-a-day representative of the US Government, he approached his own firm—from which he was drawing $30,000 a year—plus expenses—for assistance in financing the operation, and he still believes he was. He simply wanted to sell TVA piecemeal to private interests—presumably via First Boston—and thereby get it "off the Government's back." He does not understand whatever could have prompted the Administration to play so coy about acknowledging his existence. It never occurred to him that the proper place to debate public power policy is in the Congress; it never occurred to him that anyone could find anything suspicious in talks among bankers, utility executives, and government officials which resulted in a plan to turn TVA over to private enterprise.

Mr. Wenzell is a stable, responsible banker. This is a stable, responsible Administration. Well, then, he seemed to be asking, what in the name of Warren Gamaliel Harding is all the fuss about?

Washington, D. C. WALTER GOODMAN

Two Men and a Plan

WHILE Messrs. Wenzell and Miller were in Washington giving the Senators details on how the Administration had collaborated with private interests in their proposed invasion of TVA territory, two other men—Thomas H. Allen and Frank T. Tobey—were down in Memphis working out a new American pattern of public power.

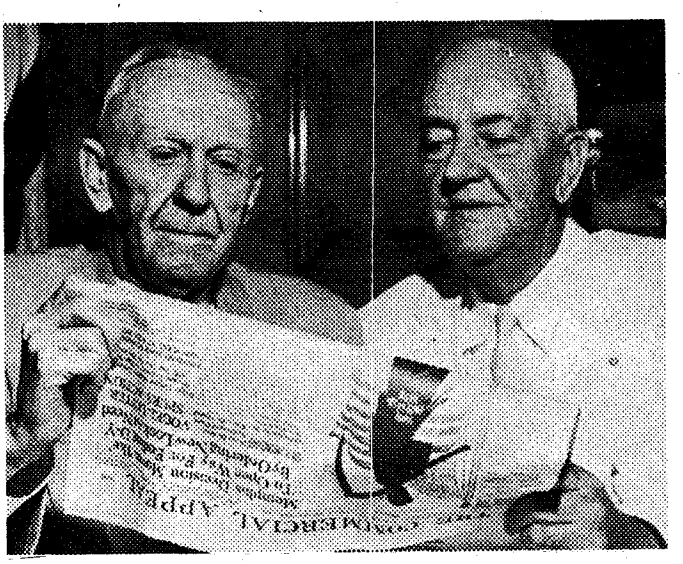
There has been no doubt since June 30, when President Eisenhower ordered Budget Director Rowland Hughes to reconsider whether the Dixon-Yates contract was "still in the interests of the people of the Tennessee Valley," that vastly important new political decisions on public power must also be made. At least there has been no doubt among those in the mid-South who are really knowledgeable on power problems.

Thomas H. Allen, president of the Memphis Light, Gas and Water Division, at 73, must make the technical decisions for Memphis as the city makes good its $100 million promise to stop Dixon-Yates.

Allen, who is as proudly military as Eisenhower (he has been called "Major" since his World War I command of engineer troops in France) will have a hand in these decisions. But the military Allen's "Commander" on what the new policy shall be is a stout, Dickensian gentleman in his mid-sixties, Frank T. Tobey, Mayor of Memphis.

Tobey is a latecomer to politics. He was a career public servant—engineer, researcher, city controller—before a nod from the late Boss E. H. Crump put him in elective office just three and a half years ago, but he is an amazingly good politician.

Tobey, to be sure, has blundered in local matters, when caught unawares. But he will not be caught unawares in this matter. He will be in his element: financing, contacting, parleying, receiving delegations, prob-



Engineer Allen and Mayor Tobey

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ably touring the Memphis area selling the "Memphis Plan" as it takes shape.

The big need for haste here, in order to force final cancellation of the Atomic Energy Commission contract with Dixon-Yates before the 90-day deadline set by Eisenhower, is in construction of the power plant. That is engineer Allen's responsibility primarily.

There is time enough for the larger scheme. Tobey will listen to hundreds of advocates of as many ideas before the "Memphis Plan" matures. The seed of it is planted and growing. Allen and Tobey have no intention of letting the national private power lobby finally win this long, drawn-out war for control of the nation's electric power supply.

For that is what the Dixon-Yates fight is all about. The move to substitute Dixon-Yates-produced kilowatts for TVA kilowatts is the deepest thrust the private power interests have yet attempted into the world's greatest public power area. But the Dixon-Yates contract is a pawn well lost by private power in a war of attrition if, as some now think, Memphis is ultimately to be cut off from TVA. Because it was not only Memphis but TVA which needed a new source of power. And TVA needs not merely "a new source" but many new sources of electric energy.

What Allen and Tobey, Tennessee's Senators Albert Gore and Estes Kefauver, and Governor Frank G. Clement have to do now is to perfect a pattern of regional co-operation to build, every year, another "Fulton Steam Plant," to produce more power to meet the Valley's growing needs.

Not for each of the three other larger municipalities of the Valley, Chattanooga, Knoxville and Nashville, not for any two or three of the electric membership co-operatives that serve the rural areas of the Tennessee Valley, but for the whole valley, "for TVA" in a sense.

The idea of building a steam plant has been in Tom Allen's mind for nearly 20 years. He worked in some of America's first power plants 50 years ago as a boy. One of the ablest public speakers in Memphis, Allen has stated, time after time, until he was tired of hearing his own words, that "integration with TVA is the surest guarantee of low-cost power." He has meant what he said. Somewhere down the line before June 30, 1958, an effort will be made to make the Memphis-owned steam plant an integral part of the complex of hydro and steam power that is TVA power. June 30, 1958, is the day Memphis' 20-year contract with TVA expires.

Allen, though autocratic, is also politic. He has been president of the American Public Power Association. He was elected City Commissioner of Memphis for two terms in the '20's. It may be that with brighter political lights like Clement, Gore, Kefauver and Tobey in the forefront an effort will be made to weld the 148 distributors of TVA power into one generator of power. It may even be that distributors in the Valley states will become the owners of TVA's 10 million-kilowatt generating system.

An incident that may seem most significant in retrospect was the visit July 1 of another engineer-politician to Newport, Arkansas. The man was George Dempster, Mayor of Knoxville, Chairman of Citizens for TVA, Inc., the Nashville-based citizens' voice for TVA. Power can go west across the Mississippi River as well as east, the direction in which Dixon-Yates wanted so badly to send it. Dempster gave encouragement at Newport to the struggling public power distributors of Eastern Arkansas, dependent now on Arkansas Power and Light, child of Middle South Utilities, for the energy they retail. And North Mississippi in June saw the birth of a new public power district, anxious to string power lines down the same country roads marked now by Mississippi Power and Light lines.

The only serious casualty of this decade's power battle may be the TVA concept of co-ordinated development of all a region's resources—its soil, its water, its forests, its minerals and its people. If that principle becomes a casualty, it is a great one. But there is, in the South at least, a new strength and maturity. And conservationists have great hopes for what will come from the Hope-Aiken Act for encouragement of watershed development, which provides money and authority to build dams along contributary streams and to co-ordinate this construction with local agricultural projects.

If the designers of the defeat of Dixon-Yates execute the large schemes now forming in their minds, public power will not merely hold its own in the Tennessee Valley. It will invade the Middle South of Middle South Utilities, the Deep South of the Southern Company in Alabama and Georgia, and the Old South of the Carolinas and Virginia.

Tom Allen and Frank Tobey of Memphis are envisioning a new regional pattern for the rest of the nation to follow.

Memphis, Tenn. JOHN SPENCE

Socialism a la Dixon-Yates

IT SEEMS that the reek of the Dixon-Yates job finally became too much even for the not very sensitive nose of the President. Here is one deal that not all the genius of Madison Avenue could make aromatic. First-rate advertising men, so clever that they could persuade Mr. Eisenhower that the effluvium of oil surrounding Mr. Nixon is really attar of roses, that the fumes from Mr. McKay's give-away program are the odor of sanctity, and that the suggestion of the charnel-house about the Salk vaccine program is Gilead's balm, could not make this

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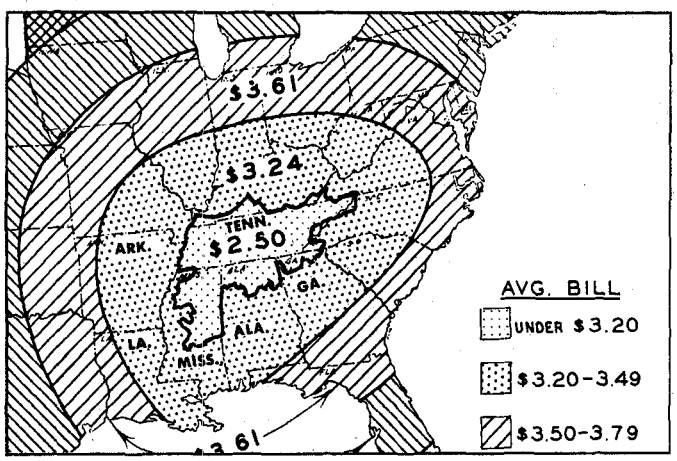
project smell sweet. The President has ordered a re-examination of the whole thing, and it is possible that the ingenious promoters will not, after all, pick up a $107-million property for $5 million.

To a superficial observer it appears that what pulled out the cork and released the fetor was failure to make the fix in Memphis, Tennessee. To that city it was quite clear that when promoters put in $5 million and come out with an installation worth $107 million, somebody is going to be the goat, and apparently Memphis was elected. Domestic users—ordinary householders—there are now paying $6.50 for 400 kilowatts from the TVA; across the river, in Forest City, Arkansas, domestic users are paying $11.54 for the same amount of current from an affiliate of the Dixon-Yates group. "Sooner or later," said one Memphis official, "we would have to pay their price." So that was where the $102 million profit was to come from.

His reasoning is easy to follow. With the Dixon-Yates plant located across the river in Arkansas, transmission of its power would be interstate commerce, its rates not subject to regulation by either the city of Memphis or the state of Tennessee. Rather than submit to those conditions, the city will build its own plant. Even if it cannot match the TVA price, even if it has to charge $7.50 or $8.50, the saving over $11.54 will still be appreciable, and the property will remain in the hands of the taxpayers who paid for it.

So it would seem that the conclusion of the whole matter is that the attempt to put over the Dixon-Yates contract, originally opposed by both the TVA and the Atomic Energy Commission, has resulted in forcing an experiment in municipal ownership on a big scale. A city of nearly half a million people is being driven against its will to build its own plant.

Perhaps the experiment will be a flop, in which case privately-owned utilities have nothing to fear. But



Residential electric rates in the South are lowest in the TVA area, and grow progressively higher as the distance from TVA increases.

suppose it isn't a flop? Suppose the plant is honestly built and proves able to furnish current at something approaching TVA rates, what then? The experiment will be watched all over the country. If a steam plant furnishes cheap power in Memphis, without using the Tennessee River, similar plants can do it anywhere. Screaming "subsidy!" will not work here as it has worked against the TVA to cover the discrepancy; Memphis will be a yardstick indeed.

More than that, it will measure both ways. Suppose the Memphis steam plant delivers power at, say, $8.50, as against $11.54 for private companies, and $6.50 for TVA. The public can hardly escape the inference, not only that municipal ownership is better than private ownership, but also that development of the full power of a great river is better than either; the general estimate of the value of the TVA will be enormously enhanced. People will remember that Roosevelt once remarked that we ought to have at least seven TVA's in the country, and the demand for their building will rise like a spring tide.

It would be ironical indeed if it should prove that the ingenuity of the promoters of the Dixon-Yates deal had hastened by many years the coming of the Missouri Valley Authority and at least five others; but history is full of such ironies. It is easily possible that, if such projects are socialistic, Mr. Dixon and Mr. Yates may be more effective promoters of Socialism than either Eugene Debs or Norman Thomas.

IF THIS should be the amusing outcome, it will be because the managers of private power companies have violated one of the basic rules of both practical business and practical politics. This rule is, never argue against the facts. The fact is that the ultimate consumer of this additional power will be the Atomic Energy Commission, a public enterprise. In all fairness, the AEC should supply its own power, not deprive the people of the Tennessee Valley of the advantage of residing in that valley.

The course adopted more than suggests that the motive behind that deal was to take the opportunity to destroy that advantage before it became so plainly apparent that people in other river valleys would demand similar treatment. If private enterprise is actually more efficient, it can supply power more cheaply than publicly owned utilities. If it does not do so, then its claim to superior efficiency has no perceptible foundation; and by all accounts it is not doing so in the region around Memphis. That is why the city is moving to build its own facilities; and the impression given the outside world is that of men who know their own business so little that they permit greed to over-reach itself.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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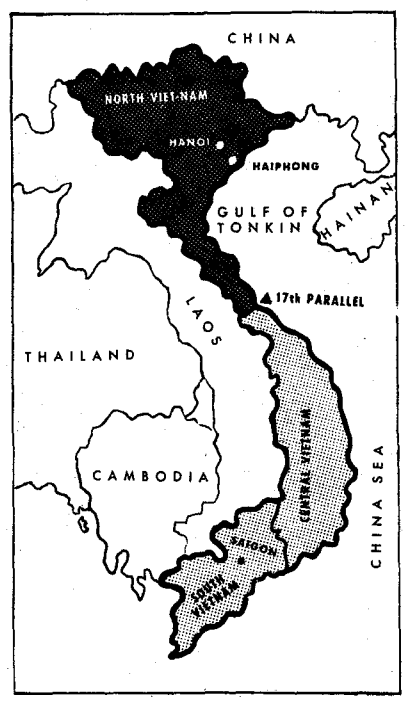
Viet-Nam: Civil War Again?

by H. Arthur Steiner

A NEW CRISIS in the relations between North and South Viet-Nam contains the possibility that the civil war may once again flare with full fury any time after July 20. Last year's uneasy Geneva settlement required the authorities of the two zones of divided Viet-Nam to begin their consultations looking to general elections in July, 1956, on the first anniversary of the Geneva cease-fire. What is more likely is that the conference table will be abandoned in favor of the battlefield.

The "Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam" (DRV)—the North Viet-Nam of Ho Chi Minh—formally demands that the consultative conference begin punctually on July 20, and that the cumbersome procedures laid down last year at Geneva be literally observed in all respects. The "State of Viet-Nam"—the South Viet-Nam of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem—maintains that it is not legally or morally bound by the Geneva arrangements, and has thus far refused to enter into any negotiations with the Communist-controlled regime in the North.



In military terms, North Viet-Nam is stronger than in the victorious days after Dien-Bien-Phu and Geneva. The military forces regrouped north of the line of military demarcation—approximately the 17th Parallel—have had ample time for refreshment and resupply, and there is no reason to believe their morale is lower than it was a year ago. Moreover, partisan allies in the South who laid down or buried their arms during the year of the cease-fire, doubtless stand ready to arise when the signal is flashed from Hanoi. During the past year, North Viet-Nam has insisted that all Viet-Nam be unified by nationwide general elections which would presumably produce results favorable to Ho Chi Minh—if only because his vote-getting machine is better organized. A constant indoctrination and propaganda has been maintained among the peoples of North Viet-Nam to prepare them for action in the event that the final, complete victory should be frustrated by the revived resistance of the South.

South Viet-Nam, on the contrary, finds its military position relatively weaker than it was last year. French Union forces are being rapidly disengaged from South Viet-Nam (and are wholly withdrawn from the North); and France has given Ngo Dinh Diem no support whatever in his resistance policy. Not all of the Nationalist armed forces were successfully withdrawn from the North after the cease-fire; but even if Diem's Army may have gained local recruits during the past year it seems unlikely that they should be equal in numbers or state of readiness to the "People's Liberation Army" of Ho Chi Minh and Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap. Premier Diem's political position appears to have been strengthened by his domestic victories in South Viet-Nam last April and May, although it is by no means clear that his apparent victories over the dissident sects have been wholly consolidated.

The new crisis also engages the international commitments of the United States, and forces American policy-makers to consider in July, 1955, decisions they hoped to stall off until July, 1956. The United States, which refused to accept the Geneva settlement, has strongly supported Premier Diem's attitude toward the DRV. The American declaration read at Geneva by Undersecretary of State Bedell Smith on July 21, 1954, took "note" of the agreements reached by the other participants, but expressed the view that genuinely free general elections would require some form of UN supervision. That attitude was directly opposed to the agreed French, British, Soviet and Chinese Communist solution—which was to place the supervision of the general elections under an International Supervisory Commission composed of representatives of India (Chairman), Canada and Poland.

Moreover, the President and Mr. Dulles will need to decide whether the "umbrella" of SEATO and the Manila Pact shall actually be unfurled in the defense of South Viet-Nam. Mr. Dulles has tried to give that homely implement a different meaning than it had in the days of Neville Chamberlain. In April, 1954, the Secretary of State was speaking of American military power as the umbrella upon which the free world relied for its security, but the effect of the warning was not noted in the conduct of the Viet-Minh and the Chinese Communists at that time. Is July, 1955, a more propitious time

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to make the demonstration? This much seems clear: If civil war breaks out again in the new conditions of Viet-Nam, Premier Ngo Dinh Diem cannot hope to keep South Viet-Nam alive without the most immediate and direct interposition of American military power. The decision that lies before the President and Mr. Dulles is even more critical than the decision on Formosa because the Seventh Fleet does not patrol the 17th Parallel.

THE roots of the present crisis lie principally in the vagueness of the political prescriptions of the Final Declaration of the Geneva Conference (July 21, 1954), and in the changing role of France in Viet-Namese affairs since that time.

The Conference endorsed the elaborate details of the military cease-fire formally signed in Geneva, considering that "the agreement on the cessation of hostilities creates the necessary basis for the achievement in the near future of a political settlement in Viet-Nam." It therefore regarded the military demarcation line generally following the 17th Parallel as a provisional line which "should not in any way be interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary." Meanwhile, the parties most directly concerned agreed that "pending the general elections which will bring about the unification of Viet-Nam, the conduct of civil administration in each regrouping zone shall be in the hands of the party whose forces are to be regrouped there."

First, it will be noted that nothing in this formula indicates the scope or subject of the contemplated general elections. They might conceivably take any one of several different forms: a Gallup-type poll in which voters might show their personal preferences for President Ho Chi Minh or Premier Ngo Dinh Diem; an election of members of a unified national assembly to draft a new constitution; new elections to the existing National Assembly of the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam; or some other. In this context, a preliminary consultation becomes the *absolute precondition* for any general election that is to be conducted peaceably throughout North and South Viet-Nam.

France and the Geneva Conference both made clear that the general election would *not* be for the purpose of determining whether Viet-Nam should be independent of French control; that question was settled by the French pledge to treat Viet-Nam as sovereign and independent.

From the viewpoint of the DRV, the issue at stake in general elections admits of no ambiguity. The National Assembly of the DRV in Hanoi last March declared: "The National Assembly of the DRV is the sole parliament of the whole people." The natural objective of the DRV in the consultations it insists should begin on July 20, 1955, would be to impose this decision on South Viet-Nam—thus achieving the electoral organization of all Viet-Nam under its own auspices and placing an end to the continued existence of the State of (South) Viet-Nam.

Premier Ngo Dinh Diem has resisted this position by the only means available to him—*i.e.*, the organization and election of his own national Assembly in South Viet-Nam. Should Diem succeed in his purpose, North and South Viet-Nam would each have legislatures; the "provisional" line of military demarcation would assume a different character; and the example of divided Korea would be almost integrally duplicated. This the DRV is determined to prevent, and there is no doubt Ho Chi Minh will resort to arms if necessary for that purpose.

The present direction of Ho Chi Minh's policy is to establish the full legality and propriety of his action according to the standards set by the Geneva Conference. He would therefore seek to establish Ngo Dinh Diem's refusal to enter into consultations as a violation of the Geneva principles, so that his eventual recourse to arms would appear in the light of action calculated to redress his legal rights. Should he succeed, his action would have implications for all the members of the Geneva Conference, who undertook "in their relations with Viet-Nam . . . to refrain from any interference in . . . internal affairs" (Geneva Declaration, Article 12). The United States, as initiator and guarantor of SEATO, would therefore find itself in a situation in which the political commitments of several of its SEATO associates—France and Great Britain—might prevent the unfurling of the SEATO "umbrella."

The DRV plan of action has been well-calculated and thought through. No provocative action was taken until all of the military provisions of last July's cease-fire had been implemented during the allotted 300-day period after the signing of the Geneva accords. This phase of the post-Geneva operation was concluded on May 17 when the Joint Franco-DRV Commission issued a formal communique announcing the completion of the military regrouping on schedule.

Five days later, in connection with Hanoi's mass celebration of President Ho Chi Minh's 65th birthday, General Vo Nguyen Giap, Commander-in-Chief of the DRV military forces, declared: "The struggle for the implementation of the Geneva Agreement is now entering a new phase aimed at . . . opening political consultations for the attainment of the unification of the country through free general elections." This opening broadside was followed by a formal declaration of the Government expressing its "readiness to hold the consultative conference with the competent representative authorities of South Viet-Nam from July 20, 1955, onward, in order to discuss the organization of free general elections throughout the country in July, 1956." Then, on June 12, Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister Pham Van Dong declared that the consultative conference must open "exactly on July 20"—and this has been the consistent line of DRV press and propaganda since.

The DRV declarations were quickly picked up by the press and radio, endorsed by the Standing Committee of

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the National Assembly and by the leading echelons of the several satellite political parties, and carried throughout North Viet-Nam by a typical Communist-type "mass campaign." The government position is clearly stated and frees it to take forceful action in the immediate future, even though action may be deferred beyond July 20. Another meeting is scheduled to open in Geneva on July 18—the four-power conference of Messrs. Bulganin, Eden, Eisenhower and Faure which the pundits are calling Big BEEF—and whether the program of that conference is to be disrupted by war communiques from Viet-Nam may turn on the Communist calculation of the balance of political forces.

Meanwhile, some significance attaches to the fact that President Ho Chi Minh departed from Hanoi on June 22 for Peking—on the first leg of a series of state visits which also calls for a visit to Moscow.

While North Viet-Nam is preparing for the showdown, Ngo Dinh Diem in Saigon maintains his consistent attitude that the decisions of Geneva relating to the partition of Viet-Nam impose no binding obligation upon his government. Last year, the flags in Saigon flew at half-mast for three days in July to deplore the Geneva settlement. Ngo Ngoc Boi, chief of the South Viet-Nam delegation to the organizational meeting of the International Supervisory Commission in New Delhi, declared to that body on August 5, 1954: "We attend . . . as victims of agreements which have been signed in contradiction to our wishes, which are injurious to us, and which do not bear our signature." After the DRV began its latest political offensive in May-June, 1955, Vu Van Mau, the new Foreign Minister of South Viet-Nam, repeated the official line: "Non-Communist South Viet-Nam did not sign the Geneva Agreement and has not accepted the terms."

THE political responsibilities of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime have been obscured by the changing role of France in Indo-Chinese affairs. The negotiations between France and the three Indo-Chinese states for a termination of the French system were concluded in Paris last December, with the signing of a complex variety of quadripartite agreements. France maintained the responsibilities for liaison with the DRV throughout the period of the military regrouping, and the French member of the Franco-DRV Joint Commission concurred in the communique of May 17 by which France agreed to carry out the Geneva provisions to "realize the unification of Viet-Nam through general elections." The French writ no longer runs anywhere in North Viet-Nam; and, under pressures from Ngo Dinh Diem, is so rapidly expiring in South Viet-Nam that France can no longer participate in settlements relating to that area.

One of Diem's obvious political objectives is to achieve the maximum exclusion of the French interest from South Viet-Nam to the crucial July 20 deadline—and thus to present himself as the chief of a new government of "total succession," which will not be bound by the commitments of its French predecessor. This possibility had been anticipated by the French-DRV negotiators of the cease-fire, however; and "responsibility for ensuring the observance and enforcement of the terms and provisions thereof" was specifically assigned to "the signatories of the present Agreement *and their successors*." The Indian chairman of the International Supervisory Commission, M. J. Desai, issued a communique on this question on June 6 in which he strongly indicated the Commission would hold South Viet-Nam accountable for the performance of the election commitment made at Geneva.

The course of events in Viet-Nam will doubtless have a decisive effect on events in adjoining Laos. There the Royal Laotian Government of Premier Katay D. Sasorith has called the promised 1955 elections of the National Assembly for August 28. The Pathet Lao, pro-Communist forces, which were regrouped in portions of the two northeastern Laotian provinces of Phong Saly and Sam Neua in accordance with the Geneva settlement, have demanded a preliminary consultation of their interests before the elections actually take place—and have received some support in their view from the International Commission. An outbreak of open violence in Viet-Nam would, under present conditions, almost certainly lead to further violence in Laos. In more remote Cambodia, where fringe fighting was halted without any form of partition, the Royal Khmer Government of Premier Penn Nouth has called elections for September 11—this delay in elections originally called for April having been ncessitated by abdication of King Norodom Sihanouk.

Whether hostilities in Viet-Nam will actually be resumed on or immediately after July 20 is a decision that now rests entirely with the Communist DRV. That decision may be affected by a variety of factors: (1) the progress and course of the Big BEEF at Geneva, and the new calculation of Communist interest in the developing world situation; (2) the tactical feasibility of starting an offensive during the last weeks of the tapering rainy season; (3) developments in the political situation in South Viet-Nam that might substitute for force the strategy of capturing the castle from within; and (4) the degree of Chinese Communist and Soviet support and encouragement.

Peking responded to the most recent political offensive of the North Viet-Namese with a warm editorial endorsement in *People's Daily* (June 8). Ho Chi Minh was an honored guest of Mao Tse-tung during the July 1 celebration in Peking of the 34th anniversary of the Chinese Communist Party. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that these two senior leaders of the Communist movement in Asia fully explored the possible effects of a revival of civil war in Viet-Nam upon the flagging Communist offensive elsewhere in Asia.

Meanwhile, the lights should be burning brightly in Foggy Bottom and over at the Pentagon!

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The "New Left" in France

Why the Intellectuals Are Cooling Toward Communism

by Percy Winner

THE RUSSIANS may succeed in blocking any formal discussion by the Big Four at Geneva of what *Pravda* and *Tass* call "questions concerning the activities of international Communism." But it is too late for them to stop, to deviate or to distort a great controversy among French intellectuals about ideas which underlie and affect those activities. The relations of Communism in and to the Left are very much in question. It is, of course, a discussion primarily of thoughts and theories. But in France the theories and the practice of politics have always been closely related.

The moral, the human, the intellectual tragedy of collaboration with the Germans in World War II made Fascism and the counter-revolution *the* enemies of France. And since French Communists were (as individuals) among the boldest, the bravest, the most effective of the anti-Fascists, Communism became widely accepted by the French as the presumptive heir of the great Left tradition of the Revolution. In the first years after World War II, one might balk at *being* a Communist; but to be openly anti-Communist seemed to be against the Left, against the line of thought that ran from Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot to Romain Rolland and Leon Blum, against a hopeful, glorious idea of progress—and for an order and discipline that had come to be identified with agony, shame and humiliation.

Since 1947, however, Communism has steadily lost ground with French intellectuals. And it is typical of an even greater change which has been taking place in the intellectual climate during the last year that Frenchmen have begun to express doubts about the Left.

The idea and the fact of the political Left are being re-examined. Do they make sense any more in the context of present-day politics? If so, what really is the Left; where does it begin; what can it or should it be and do; where does it end? Can Communists and non-Communists co-exist, or even co-operate? If so, how far away from Moscow must the Western European Communists move, and what will be the new relationship? Does the new phase in Moscow really mean an end of monolithic control of Communist Parties in Western countries? If so, does this mean or imply in effect an abandonment of Marxism, or at least of the Lenin-Stalinist variety? What about the attitude of men of the Left toward anti-Communism; is antagonism best expressed—that is, without destruction of the permanent, progressive values of the traditional pre-Communist Left—from a position of absolute, uncompromising attack or from a position of aloofness, neutrality or even sympathy and support on specific social issues.

No one of these questions—and many others like them—is entirely new. Yet the need to seek satisfactory answers became more pressing during the period of the rise, and then the fall, of Pierre Mendès-France. Two opposing "New Lefts" appeared; one, closely associated with Mendèsism, totally opposed to any co-operation with the Communists, but seeking to win away from the official CP individuals and groups more or less disenchanted with post-Stalin and post-Malenkov Moscow; the other, while professedly non-Communist, favoring common action with the CP, especially on labor issues.

More recently the need to look for answers has been made urgent by the obscurities—both in practice and in theory—of Nikita Khrushchev's new line of "normalization." The word has often been used of late; Austria, Yugoslavia, the invitation to Konrad Adenauer have been "normalizations," but what does "normalization" mean within France, and particularly within the French Left? The fellow-travelers are having a desperately hard time finding their way, and the more confused they are the harder they seem to cry for the old and probably outworn clichés—the united front, the popular front. On the other hand, one after another, intellectuals of the Left—either of the present or the past—have been announcing their conviction not only that *that* way is now permanently blocked, but also that the Left must remake itself, or even that the Left is dead.

To name a few recent books and authors is to suggest the level on which the controversy is taking place: Simone de Beauvoir's *Les Mandarins;* Maurice Merleau-Ponty's *Les Aventures de la Dialectique;* Raymond Aron's *L'Opium des Intellectuals;* Jean-Paul Sartre's play *Nekrassov* and a special 500-page number of his magazine *Les Temps Modernes* devoted entirely to problems of the Left. Albert Camus has joined André Malraux and François Mauriac on the writing team of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's Mendèsist and anti-Communist weekly *l'Express,* which speaks for one of the two

With this article, Percy Winner, a contributor to the New Republic *at intervals for 30 years, begins a new series from Europe.*

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New Lefts. A running polemic has been waged with Claude Bourdet and others of the weekly *France-Observateur* and Sartre's *Les Temps Modernes,* the organs of the other New Left.

When Sartre, with Mme. de Beauvoir, founded *Les Temps Modernes* in October, 1945, the editorial board included Aron and Merleau-Ponty. Sartre's book *Existentialism Is Humanism* was the Baedecker of the Left intellectuals, and there was no difficulty in finding that existentialism was entirely compatible with Marxism. At the start of the Cold War, Sartre was critical to the point of hostility of Communism; by 1953, in his articles *Communism and Peace,* he had chosen to become the foremost fellow-traveler among the French intellectuals.

The evolution of the political position of his colleagues and associates was very different. Aron dropped out quickly and joined the Gaullists. David Rousset and Camus broke openly — and very articulately — with Sartre. Merleau-Ponty left *Les Temps Modernes* in 1953, but without any open quarrel. Mme. de Beauvoir alone remains with Sartre of the original team.

WHEN *Les Mandarins* won the Goncourt Prize recently, some of the critics hinted unkindly that the reason for Mme. de Beauvoir's success was not literary merit.

The critics went farther than to call the book a tract rather than a novel. They said its message was the bankruptcy of the effort to create a united front of the Left with the Communists, and that it reflected the discouragement, decline and fall of the cult of fellow-traveling. It was, they guessed, this aspect that had been welcome to a majority of the Goncourt jurymen. Mme. de Beauvoir indignantly denied that her book had any such meaning; but it was easy to take the book itself as a refutation of her denial. The point is not that she intended to "betray" her close friend and companion, Sartre, but that any version of the changes on the intellectual Left in France in the 10 years after the war was bound to end on a note of deep discouragement for the friends of the Communists.

Merleau-Ponty's book is more personal and more to the point. A brilliant philosopher in his own right—he is a professor at the College de France—he traces the adventures of the Marxist dialectic to what he considers its doom. He parts company with the Communists on the issue of the Korean War: "We do not claim that the Soviet Union wanted or started the war in Korea, but since the Soviet Union put an end to the war, it could doubtless have prevented it." Merleau-Ponty, moreover, also breaks with the intellectuals of the non-Communist Left: if criticism is impossible within the Communist Party and if action outside the Party has no effect on history, the task of the writer, of the thinker, is to leave the politicians to govern. Thus the intellectual is not properly either of the political Left or of the political Right —which is the opposite of Sartre's *intellectual engagé.*

Sartre has written excellent plays, the best of them anti-Communist. His *Nekrassov* is supposed to be a satire at the expense of the extreme anti-Communists, the French McCarthyites. It is important only in showing how bad a play a good playwright can write when he seeks to give flesh and blood to propaganda puppets.

Aron, who has been called the French Walter Lippmann, writes in the uncompromisingly anti-Communist *Figaro* of Paris but seeks as readers the intellectuals of the Left from whom he divorced himself nearly a decade ago. His *Opium of the Intellectuals* is obviously a derivation, verbally, of Marx's formula that religion is the opium of the people. The intellectuals, he argues in his new book, drug themselves with myths—with the myth of the Left, the myth of the proletariat, the myth of the revolution. Historically, he says, the Left has been many different things to many different peoples; at one time it stood for freedom, at another for the acceptance of tyranny; it has been pacifist and warmongering.

"The only Left that is always true to itself," Aron declares, "invokes not liberty or equality but fraternity, that is love . . . The spirit of the eternal Left dies when pity becomes a one-way street." Obviously such a Left is not of the world of today, of the world of nuclear weapons. In such a world the Left cannot exist as a reality. It is neither one nor united; there is a liberal Left and a Marxist Left, and neither with each other nor without each other can they live. As a matter of fact the Liberal Left is also split, and perhaps the Marxist is also on the verge. . . . Thus: "Left, revolution, proletariat, stylish conceptions, are the latter-day versions of the great myths which once instilled political optimism, reason. . . . The unity of the Left is less the reflection than the camouflage of political reality."

As Julien Benda denounced the clerks for their treason after the Dreyfus affair, so Aron denounces those of today, calling upon them to return to the true task of the intellectuals. That is to examine the facts without passion, with a challenge to all orthodoxies, with constant doubt, with reason and not with faith. This can be done only outside definitive political commitments—to the Left or to the Right, to any political party, cult or creed. So the first man to leave Sartre's team comes to a conclusion not far from that of the last man to leave the team. And Sartre himself has little to say (although a piece by Mme. de Beauvoir on *Merleau-Ponty et le Faux-Sartre* is announced to appear in *Les Temps Modernes.*) Khrushchev's brand of co-existence is no boon to Sartre's existentialism.

Not a single one of the questions—great and small —has been answered. But the questions persist, and the quest for the answers. And that is not good for the men who think they have the answers, by birthright, by tradition, by order from above, or by osmosis from below—that is, for the die-hard intellectuals of the French Left.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Martin Arrowsmith and his Habitat

by T. R. Fyvel

SINCLAIR LEWIS we find it harder and harder to believe we could ever have taken for a serious writer. The figure of Babbitt remains in our mind, a caricature of attitude to which we no longer respond; but Lewis himself we remember as a cartoonist, a journalist with neither poetic nor psychological depth. . . .

I feel that this categorical judgment by Mr. Leslie Fiedler probably represents the view of many present-day critics. Yet I think it does not explain the phenomenon of Lewis' immense popularity thirty years ago. In a way it evades this phenomenon. And as I sat down to reread *Arrowsmith*, at first

RE-ASSESSMENT: 1955

almost like a boys' book and then with growing fascination, I felt more and more that Lewis as novelist still awaits his reassessment.

Of course, the fascination of reading *Arrowsmith* was rather like that of watching the jerks of an old, revived silent film. As Mr. Maxwell Geismar has pointed out, Lewis' earlier books are as much romances as satires. In rereading *Arrowsmith* one is immediately struck by this romantic note. Indeed, the whole construction of the book is romantically schematic. Martin as a boy is first seen as a restless-eyed youngster who skips the games with the Gang because he is fascinated by old Doc Vickerson's consultation room and its apparatus; and he never leaves this pose till the end of the story. For Martin is America; or at least he is the seeker after truth in the United States of the early twentieth century. As a poor but passionate medical student at Winnemac, near Zenith, he is saved from fateful involvement with a literary lady by marriage with Leora Tozer, a fellow-rebel from the Midwest. He is irrevocably directed toward research by his encounter with Max Gottlieb, a saturnine, exiled German-Jewish professor, who may be socially innocent but represents scientific integrity at its highest level. So the stage is set, and from now on Martin fights for scientific research and the soul of America. As a young doctor in a small, dreary Dakota prairie town, Martin loses his first practice through erratic and quixotic behavior in defense of truth. Talent, however, cannot be denied: Martin is shot up to his next job of Public Health Officer in Nautilus, a Midwest Middletown. Again defending science and truth against local politics, Martin again loses out—and once more moves up, this time to Chicago, to a job as pathologist in a smooth, wealthy Chicago surgical clinic. Then research calls through the person of Max Gottlieb, and Martin now moves to the famous McGurk Institute of Research in Manhattan. But even here at the summit, as the current phrase would have it, Martin finds science and truth beset by social and commercial falsehoods against which he flings himself into battle. And this battle continues unchecked, even after Martin has become famous, after the faithful Leora has died, after he has climbed the social heights of Manhattan by a second marriage. At the end of the book Martin is shown in a romantic spotlight. He has again walked out on a lush social life and is living rough in an up-state shack where he and a fellow-scientist will carry on research. Dr. Arrowsmith is, in fact, back where the boy Martin started out. In the theme of the fairy story there is no development.

The style in which this story is told is also as much a romantic as a journalistic one. The impression is often not only of slang which is outdated, but of outdated slang which never quite existed except for the author himself. Thus Martin gloats, hungers, rejoices, rages, snorts, stalks, glowers, smarts, frets and snarls his way through the book. He speaks in pregnant shorthand: "Dakota. Real man's country. Frontier. Opportunity. America." Among stylistic infelicities, the following is probably a fair sample. Martin's wealthy second wife has just given birth to a son they have called John:

> They did not know it, but a certain John Arrowsmith, mariner of Bideford, had died in the matter of the Spanish Armada, taking with him five valorous dons.
>
> Joyce suffered horribly and renewed all of Martin's love for her (he did love pitifully this slim, brilliant girl).
>
> "Death's a better game than bridge —you have no partner to help you!" she said, when she was grotesquely stretched on a chair of torture and indignity. . . .

Each of the three sentences here has its embarrassing note: in the first it is the schoolboy reference to the Armada and the "five valorous dons"; in the second, the combination of "pitifully" and "this slim, brilliant girl"; in the third, the use of bridge, then evidently still a novel game, as the symbol of an upper-class flirtation with death.

So much for the deficiencies of *Arrowsmith*. I feel they might strike a reader of the nineteen-fifties almost at the first glance, especially a critic in search of truly serious literature. Yet as one looks again closely at the pages, the qualities which gave Lewis his immense impact still stand out. There is first of all the immense zest—the zest not merely of an extravagant personality, but of a whole age; let's say the age when even American vulgarity was still politically innocent. Then there is the effectiveness of much the caricature. Take the proper names: what better name could be given an American craftsman of science, descended from a Devon mariner, than "Martin Arrowsmith"? Martin's fellow-student with suspect religious mania and odors is called the Reverend Ira Hinkley. Martin's vulgarian of a chief in the Public Health Department is Almus Pickerbaugh. The sleek socialite director of the McGurk Institute is Dr. Rippleton Holabird, while the rough biochemist who rescues Martin for the simple life is Dr. Terry Wickett. An obvious technique; yet I found these names had over the years remained half-familiar to me, like the lines of an effective cartoon. This may well have been

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their purpose. As Mr. Fiedler observed in his stricture, Lewis was essentially a cartoonist: and if his work is judged in this light, he may come out quite well indeed.

For the point about any good cartoonist is that he must work from a private nightmare vision, but one so controlled that it can find expression within a rigid and narrow frame. And in Lewis' early work one can find such a nightmare clearly indicated, perhaps most vividly in *Babbitt*, but also in *Arrowsmith*.

There is the rigid narrowness of range. In his novels Lewis has really only one subject or, one might almost say, one character. This was the thriving, philistine middle-class society of the Middle West from which he sprang. Early in the twentieth century the wheels of American capitalism were turning steadily, and this society was being rapidly transformed. In *Babbitt*, Lewis gave his own impression of the new hectic American capitalist life. It is important to recognize this impression as nightmarish. On the one side you have the incessant bustle of Zenith, the zip city, with its office towers and automobiles and golf courses and gadgets; you have Babbitt and his fellow businessmen continuously growing richer or hoping to grow richer. But in fact the Zenith scene is demonic. It is a world not only of non-art and non-culture, but also of non-security and non-love. Because for Babbitt and his colleagues, there is no let-up. They seem to live on the sufferance of unknown financial forces. Let Babbitt make $15,000 or $25,000 a year: one false step will still be enough to bring ruin. They have as good as no family relationships to lean on, and there is no hope for non-conformity. In fact, as Mr. Geismar has mentioned, Lewis' characters, closely observed, end up by seeming to belong to a strange class . . .

> . . . a middle class which is essentially without a home life, without children, without religion, and finally, without an economic status to speak of: a middle class which is without all the historic props of a middle class.

Nor is there a way out from this world of demonic middle-class competition. Neither aristocracy nor workers are more than vaguely sketched in. The world of the Zenith Athletic Club with its grimaces and forced jokes, is in fact that of a Sartrian hell.

Against this background Lewis draws his leading characters, and it seems, again, part of the nightmare that they should be utterly solitary. Thus, in *Main Street*, Carol Kennicott must wage a one-woman struggle against all Gopher Prairie. George F. Babbitt to be sure may seem to live amidst that perpetual din of other realtors and boosters. But Lewis is at pains to stress Babbitt's malaise, that Babbitt's all-electric house suffered from the defect "that it was not a home," that Babbitt's intimate relations with his wife Myra were long dead, that he was hardly conscious of his children and that his attempt to maintain one genuine friendship with his "Paulibus" has to end in disaster. And similarly, in *Arrowsmith*, Lewis writes laconically on page four: "Martin's father and mother were dead, leaving him only enough money for his art and medical courses." Having no family or background Martin can also be left conveniently without any (non-scientific) individual traits; nor does he pick up any such through the book. If Lewis at the close momentarily provides Martin with a second wife who has a secure social position and even bears Martin a son, he quickly lets Martin escape and even express fear of this son, a minuscule aristocrat, that is, a non-middle-class figure.

In fact, the psychological struggle described by Lewis in the early books is unchanging: on the one side a demonic American society from which there is no escape, on the other side a hero or heroine whose solitariness is complete. It has been said against Lewis that these struggles take place in a harsh, unvarying daylight illumination, without nuances. True, this absence of nuances is a literary deficiency. But is it not also part of Lewis' private nightmare, and therefore of his strength and rigidity as a cartoonist?

After all, the same charge, that he could smell out social trends but not draw living individual characters, could also be fairly put against George Orwell. And the answer could be given that like Lewis, Orwell was so preoccupied with describing his social nightmare that he had little attention left for subtle individual characters. Indeed, given the difference of a generation, and of course of creative power, quite a few parallels can be drawn between Lewis' Zenith and Orwell's Airstrip One. Against George Babbitt's unsuccessful attempt to buck the system of Zenith middle-class society, one can set Winston Smith's doomed revolt against the Party. One is merely a development of the other. And can the reflection of Hiroshima not be glimpsed on the nightmare horizon of cultureless Zenith?

ALL THIS may seem far-fetched. But the point is that Lewis' weakness lay not in his cartoonist's technique —why shouldn't he be a cartoonist—nor his stand as social critic, but in his failure ever to develop his methods of social criticism beyond their starting point. Of course he had his emotional ambivalence, too. As his sneers against the literary characters he includes in his books indicate, the American middle class was as much a society he ultimately loved as the target for his anger. At any rate, even as the Depression hit American capitalism, Lewis seemed ready to make his peace with it. And in this shift of attitude, *Arrowsmith* occupies the key position. Two years earlier, with *Babbitt*, Lewis had reached his height as a satirical cartoonist and said all he could say about America. His task was performed. In *Arrowsmith* he did not actually retreat—not as yet. If one looks carefully, one can see that in this novel a complete balance is maintained in the struggle between a destructive society and the solitary hero. Each time that the forces of American careerism, vulgarity and money-grubbing pull Martin down, his genius enables him to rise back to a better position; but each advantage he gains is in turn snatched from him.

So at the end the issue is left undecided: perhaps this balanced novel was meant to be a portrait in a mirror. At any rate, after *Arrowsmith* the balance tilted away from Lewis' nightmare, and hence away from his focus as cartoonist. In *Elmer Gantry*, which followed, he hit out only at stage dummies. And in his pictures of *Dodsworth*, the Zenith middle-class aristocrat, and *Ann Vickers*, the social reformer, he was already trying to achieve a compromise between his chief characters and the formerly demonic social scene. Of the books which followed after these two,

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little need be said. One need only compare Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here* with the writings of Orwell and Koestler to realize how little his ideas had developed in the era which followed the crash of 1929.

And yet, let us again be fair. What if this was *not* Lewis' era any longer? What if his lack of intellectual development lay inherent in his original nightmare: did this nightmare not also provide him with the creative obsession and cartoonist's technique which produced *Main Street, Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith*? In those three books, at any rate, Lewis captured a glimpse of an American age: which remains in all conscience a serious enough feat for a writer.

The Education of Anton Chekhov

by Philip Rahv

THE UNDERSTANDING of Chekhov's background and personality is greatly enhanced by a reading of the letters in this volume, the fullest and best edited collection of its kind that has so far appeared in English. From first to last the impression conveyed is that of astounding courage and of heroic manliness and self-possession.

The Selected Letters of Anton Chekhov, edited by Lillian Hellman; translated by Sidonie K. Lederer (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $4).

Dead at the age of forty-four, apparently Chekhov knew well enough even before reaching his mid-twenties that his life would be short and racked with hurt and pain; and he resolutely kept that knowledge from his family and friends. The severe and repeated pulmonary hemorrhages and other afflictions he suffered would surely have laid low anyone more self-indulgent or open to the not inconsiderable spiritual temptations of disease and physical debility. Another exacerbating circumstance was the material pressure he was under since early youth when he had undertaken the major responsibility for the support of his large family, which was mostly made up of weaklings and ne'er-do-wells. All in all he had little time for imaginative self-realization, and a good part of the time he did have was consumed in the study and practice of medicine as well as in the frequent travels and changes of abode forced upon him by the state of his health.

Thus what comes through to us most vividly in these letters is a sense of the enormous odds against which Chekhov pitted himself in striving to achieve those rare qualities of his narrative and dramatic art that make it so uniquely his own. This art is at once astringent and poetic, circumstantially exact in a prose-sense yet structurally allied to the lyric mode. It is an art of unmistakable originality though not of the very first order; and if it is known above all for fixing imperishably conditions of human staleness, futility, torpor, and ennui, the explanation is not to be sought in any hidden enervation of the author or covert sympathy for negative states of being—he was no Baudelairean bell with a crack in it—but rather in the passionate even if undemonstrative integrity with which he resisted the denial of life's richer and finer possibilities.

A late child of the fatally belated Russian Enlightenment and the last important figure in the great nineteenth-century line of the masters of Russian prose, he believed that life could be lived with intelligence and love, without coercion and falsehood, at the same time that he concentrated on showing that life as actually lived was sad and boring. But in his expression of this sadness and boredom there is no finality (of acceptance or complicity or mean pleasure in exposure and reduction), such as we find in many similar evocations of negative states in Western literature of the modern period. The petty decadence inherent in such evocations is entirely alien to Chekhov. He is not attacking human nature, saying that this is the way things are and always will be, while calling for some impossible transcendence which is no more than a metaphysical coda to positive despair. The pessimism commonly ascribed to him is one of mood and temperament perhaps and it no doubt reflects the stalemate reached by Russian society in the period of his emergence on the literary scene; but it never is a pessimism of ultimate belief and vision. The voice that cries out "No, one cannot go on living like that!" at the end of one of his typical anecdotes of wasted existence ("The Man in a Shell") is indubitably that of the writer; and in that sombre masterpiece "Ward No. 6" he identifies himself most lucidly and credibly with the standpoint of the madman Gromov, whose madness is of a piece with his refusal to come to terms with "human baseness and oppression trampling up truth" and to renounce his faith that "a splendid life will in time prevail upon the earth." The source of the powerful emotion embodied in this tale is the felt idea that however forlorn the world of men may be it nevertheless contains within itself the promise of release and change. It is the wonder and triumph of Chekhov that the animating principle of his pathos of "lives clipped and wingless" is resistance to that slackness and inertia.

These letters, if read in conjunction with any fairly adequate biography (such as the recent volume by David Magarshak, for instance) enforce the conviction of a productive life whose end is for once not in its beginnings but is marked throughout by change, growth, increasing self-development and self-mastery. It can justly be said of Chekhov that the sum of what happened to him is that he achieved an education toward freedom. "The sense of personal freedom," he wrote, "is the chief constituent of creative genius," and the freedom he thus invokes is scarcely to be understood without reference to his beginnings, his ancestry, his childhood, the formative years. The grandson of a petty tradesman, he suffered in his childhood and early youth the ravages of that backwardness, cruelty, and servility which were as much a family as a national inheritance. If all his life he remained immune to the appeal of the Russian versions of traditionalism, if he remained an agnostic and a radical, a resolute Westernizer and advocate of science and the secular intelligence, it is largely because of the lessons absorbed in those formative years. It is with irresistible concreteness that he put his

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case to a correspondent: "From childhood I have believed in progress and cannot help believing, as the difference between the time when I got whipped and the time when the whippings ceased was terrific."

The perception of this difference is ineluctably one of the great points of the arduous educational process through which he strove to attain his freedom. He literally had to make himself over to undo the stultification brought on by the early influences that played upon him, influences in no way fortuitous but imbedded in Russian life. In this respect the *locus classicus,* from the standpoint of the biographer and the literary critic alike, is the passage in his letter to Suvorin of January 7, 1889, in which he explains why plebeian writers must buy at the price of their youth what the writers of the gentry have been endowed with by nature. "Go ahead," he tells Suvorin, "and write a story about a young man, the son of a serf, an ex-small shopkeeper, a choir boy, high school and university student, brought up on respect for rank, kissing priests' hands, and the worship of others' ideas, offering thanks for every mouthful of bread, often whipped, going to school without shoes, fighting, torturing animals, fond of dining with rich relatives, playing the hypocrite before God and people without any cause, except that of a consciousness of his own insignificance—then tell how this young man squeezes the slave out of himself one drop at a time and how he wakes one fine morning to feel that in his veins flows not the blood of a slave but real human blood. . . ." Here we come upon the essence of Chekhov's story and upon the basic Chekhovian theme. In this effort to squeeze the slave out of himself we confront the actuality of his education, the ordeal of it, the struggle, the relapses, the price paid and the victory scored. The meaning of this education, in the sense of its absolute necessity and the consequences of failure to undertake it, forms the sum and substance of the criticism of life contained in his plays and fictions.

Chekhov was intrinsically too modest in his spiritual make-up and too much of a wry realist (no wonder he objected to Dostoevky's novels on the ground of their "immodesty") to be capable of engaging in momentous affirmations carrying him beyond the experience provided by his time and environment. For this and related reasons it is far from difficult to make out, as some commentators have done, that generally all he leaves us with is a mood of "delicious depression." Such a view is wholly erroneous, to my mind. We cannot gain anything like a full recovery of the import of his work unless we grasp the one surpassing moral intuition controlling it—that man can hope to realize the promise of his humanity only if he succeeds in overcoming the slave within himself in all his guises and disguises. The Rilkean dictum "You must change your life" is implicit in the entire Chekhovian statement. But to interpret this one fundamental intuition in a bare political sense, as the Soviet critics are instructing their readers to do to the benefit of the official dogma, is patently a gross oversimplification. A slave is not transformed into a man by changing masters. Moreover, the slave in man is a cunning animal that knows not only how to survive changes, however radical, in social institutions but also how to adapt such changes to suit his nature. "People must never be humiliated—that is the main thing," Chekhov wrote in an early letter; and in a later one he wrote: "God's earth is good. It is only we on it who are bad. . . . The important thing is that we must be just, and all the rest will be added unto us." It is in the light of such precepts that he is best understood. To take him simply as a critic of Russian society at a certain stage of its development is to limit him intolerably.

In one of her engaging and perceptive introductory notes to the text of this volume, Miss Hellman remarks that Chekhov was without "that final spiritual violence which the very great creative artist has always had. And he knew it as he knew most things about himself." To this I would assent, though with some uneasiness about the use of the word violence as the clincher in her formulation. Ultimate imaginative power need not necessarily be equated with the shock tactics of frenzied and eruptive geniuses. One agrees, none the less, that such ultimate power is wanting in Chekhov. Perhaps the crux of the matter is that he expended so much vitality on his exemplary education that what was left could not suffice to carry him beyond the lessons that engrossed him. This too is of course among the lessons he learned, as is implied in his rueful saying that he was forced to buy at the price of his youth what others are endowed with by nature. He was certainly aware that he never really got all he bargained for. Still, taking everything into account, the stricken life and the fashioned work, the price was well worth paying. For his effort to redeem the age he lived in he deserves to be ranked as nearly the equal of his great predecessors in Russian letters.

How to be Happy: Installment 1053

by Weldon Kees

SOMETHING is alway new and remarkable to someone. I remember an acquaintance hurrying up to me one day some years ago and exclaiming, "I've just found the most remarkable novelist! What a discovery! You've got to read him!" He caught me in a receptive mood and I asked who this person might be. "He's a writer named Dostoevsky," he confided.

Dr. Arnold A. Hutschnecker is a little like that. In our present atmosphere of distrust, violence, and irrationality, with so many human beings murdering themselves—either literally or symbolically—Dr. Hutschnecker, an M.D. of New York and Sherman, Conn., has written a book that offers itself as one that will "help you to find a happier life by recognizing and resolving . . . your basic loves and hates." His answer, which he sounds as if he had just discovered, is psychology!

Each age has its bright new precept for changing the world. . . . Are we

Love and Hate in Human Nature, by Arnold A. Hutschnecker, M.D. (Crowell; $3.50).

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> arrogant in believing that it will achieve what other concepts have failed to do? Actually we are confident because it gives us for the first time an understanding of the deeper levels of human nature. This new knowledge is revolutionary. It offers a hope that is not static but dynamic. It is not the kind of hope indulged in by those who want much and do little, but it is a creative hope that attains its goal by understanding and hard work. Furthermore, psychology shows us how we can not only *understand* but change our behavior.

This bright new precept, however, has a rather worn and haggard air by now. Psychology in a historical sense is scarcely a novelty, although Dr. Hutschnecker seems to share the conviction of many that some particular value is attached to an idea by way of its having been recently developed—or come upon. Systematic psychology is a late nineteenth century development; and the sort of book that the Doctor has written is very much in the tradition of hundreds of such books that appeared in the 1920's, designed to move Freud painlessly into the American living room. André Tridon, "the physician of the soul," Harvey O'Higgins and James Oppenheim were only a few who came proffering their keys to emotional salvation through "self-knowledge."

The Doctor is undismayed by this time-lapse and sings his old music with a brave nostalgic air. A chorus of praising voices—with a certain amount of orchestration, one can imagine, from the Doctor's publisher—are currently chiming in in the background. They include physicians (one of them, a Fordham man, says that it "reads like a novel"), a psychiatrist, the novelist Laura Z. Hobson ("insight," says Mrs. Hobson), and such witnesses as screen actresses Ella Raines and Janis Paige.

Here, then, is another how-to-do-it book, another guide to peace of mind and "self-understanding." A rough approximation of Freud is set forth, even more pat, perhaps, than usual, with promises of results that are dependable and certain. Freudianism and "science" are equated. "As science banishes the ignorance that was the cause of many of our difficulties," Dr. Hutschnecker writes, "we see the beginning of a miracle. Man who has been an automaton for so long, is at last gaining an awareness of himself and of his role as a human being." It is interesting to see how science and the miraculous are brought together here, and even more so to consider a little such automata as Renaissance men, for instance, with their distressing lack of self-awareness and ignorance of roles. The critical and highly self-questioning attitudes of many contemporary psychiatrists, who have not found the techniques of Freud of much help in understanding or treating schizophrenics, are not for Dr. Hutschnecker. A heavy-handed emphasis on Bleuler's concept of ambivalence—the "conflict" of love and hate—serves instead; and there are a number of case histories, in which the Doctor's patients do not turn out at all badly.

There is also a surprising amount of actual misinformation, such as the Doctor's statement that we "are the only animals who attack our own kind." One thinks of wolves, monkeys, many of the birds of prey, a large variety of insects, male bears that try to kill their young, to mention only a few examples. The Doctor's view of the relationship of the sexes may be viewed by some as rather assertively military, for he writes that the "struggle between the male and female is the most relentless war of which we have any knowledge. None of the wars in history can match it in obstinacy, neither the savage religious campaigns of the middle ages nor ferocious civil wars."

If Dr. Hutschnecker is not to be depended on for his knowledge of animal behavior, and if his comparisons verge on the extreme, his insight into particular examples of human behavior also leaves a good deal to be desired. Is the kind of "insight" Dr. Hutschnecker has to offer such an improvement on the insights of Pascal, Baudelaire, or Ecclesiastes? It would seem open to question, at least, whether the clinical conception of the Oedipus Complex and sex-jealousy, castration-anxiety and all the rest are the chief determinants of character and culture, or that they give us "understanding" "for the first time" or even that they represent beacon lights on the way to Dr. Hutschnecker's "age old dream of peace."

Dr. Hutschnecker is all on the side, however, of "self-knowledge." Now no one, so far as I know, is against self-knowledge, within limits; and few are dubious about it — except, perhaps, dramatists of the order of Sophocles and Shakespeare, or any poet with a tragic sense, or a great many philosophers, or such a writer as Ford Madox Ford, who wrote one of the great novels on the subject of love and hate, or perhaps the man who said that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

The Doctor offers self-knowledge as a set of rules, gimmicks essentially, and concludes with a list of numbered "basic beliefs" to get us through these times of strain. "Respect for Life," "Reason for Life," "Responsibility," "Tolerance," "Adjustment" are some of them—and there are probably not many who will deny that these are all qualities worth attaining. Presented as they are here, however, "self-knowledge" is turned into a mere by-product of "modern psychology," with the Doctor's assumption that "we are now able to penetrate the mystery of the unconscious self."

Have we? Has Doctor Hutschnecker? Socrates, Proust, and Coleridge, for instance, had more "self-knowledge" and knew more at first hand of love and hate than the Doctor will ever know; they also wrote very well indeed, unlike the Doctor, and with greater reverence and humility; and they never believed for a moment that "self-knowledge" could, in the long run, save them —or us. With all his wisdom, Socrates had one of the most horrendous domestic lives on record and was sentenced to death for his ideas; Proust's masterpiece came out of an existence of incredible emotional suffering; Coleridge found release in opium. The liberal assumption that self-knowledge will lead to "adjustment" and "happiness" is a curious one; it is not very inspiriting to see it presented in terms of "science," as Doctor Hutschnecker does. I have frequently wondered what course psychiatry would have taken if it had developed out of the humanities rather than medicine. Dr. Hutschnecker's book had me speculating even more.

Notes on Contributors

T. R. FYVEL is a British author and critic. PHILIP RAHV is an editor of *The Partisan Review*. WELDON KEES, who is also a painter and musician, has just published a collection of his poems.

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Books in Brief

As he set out from London airport in August 1954, George Gale of *The Manchester Guardian* decided to write a book about the trip to China he was about to make with a British Labour Party delegation. His good idea was spoiled because the delegation was separated from the journalists almost from the start. The embittered Gale wrote a series of dispatches which were summarized in the *NR* at the time. Brilliant and biting, they barely form the basis for a book. There is fine writing in Gale's book, and realism, to offset the sentimentality that clings to the image of the Peking regime in Britain. There is also a good deal of padding in the form of verbatim reports of speeches by Communist officials and a recapitulation of Chinese history as interpreted by Professor Kenneth Scott Latourette. There is a place among contemporary historians for the perceptive reporting of the significant moment. But many of the moments described by Mr. Gale (such as the scene in which Mr. Attlee awaits his turn while Mr. Bevan occupies the men's room in an airliner) are simply inconsequential and dull.

No Flies in China, by George Stafford Gale (Morrow; $3.75).

MR. WOODBURY here sets forth in a single short volume some of the vast potentialities we can expect from the atom if we can rescue it from the arsenal. With smooth facility, he begins with the nature of energy and moves into a description of the nature and varieties of atomic power that occupies half the book; the rest is devoted to the more dramatic of the many other fields in which tracers and isotopes can be used. Nor does he avoid, as too many others do, the problems yet unsolved: a whole chapter is devoted to the troublesome question of radioactive wastes from reactors. Yet the book has its drawbacks, of which a tendency to "write down" is not the worst by far. The author falls back too often on various synonyms for "mysterious," although he obviously has no need of this misleading "magic-ray" technique when he cares to explain. And having announced his intention to avoid controversy, he does so by assuming that if the Administration (or the AEC) has done something, it must be all right. To giveaway charges he blandly replies: "There is not the slightest danger that the people are giving away their atomic birthright." Private interest, in fact, becomes through Mr. Woodbury's magic "the people," eager to "buy their way into the atomic age." Still, if the reader can stomach a tendency toward sensation and take all the political and economic references with a healthy amount of salt, the book provides an easy way —perhaps the easiest—to learn how an atom "works" and what its powers might do for us when they are put to a civilized use.

Atoms for Peace, by David O. Woodbury (Dodd, Mead; $3.50).

ONE of the most trenchant of American journalists, Milton Mayer knows how to be deadly serious without being deadly; and his first book *They Thought They Were Free,* is a fascinating biography of the German people under Hitler, from 1933 to 1945, examined with deep perception, wry humor, and a genuine humility in the face of "the problem of human evil." Mayer, who lived for more than a year in Frankfurt, gives vivid portraits of ten typical Nazis, reflects on the peculiar *gestalt* of the German people, and sensibly refuses to conclude with any "plan" or "program" for the country which is not part of a world reform in power politics. The reader cannot fail to be impressed with Mayer's almost painful sense of fairness, his unfaltering command of the complex subject, and his enviable style. A few of the chapters have previously been published in *Harper's Magazine.*

They Thought They Were Free, by Milton Mayer (Chicago; $4.75).

Next Week

Whitman:

A Little Anthology

Excerpts from the first edition of *Leaves of Grass,* selected — and with a commentary—by Malcolm Cowley

FILMS—TV

AMONG the motion pictures presented during recent weeks on television—presented, moreover, on TV and nowhere else—were *Open City, Stagecoach, The Private Life of Henry VIII, The Blue Angel, Beauty and the Beast, and Our Town.* All these films are not only excellent to some degree, but they are superior to any of the new films. And if the list were comprehensive, not special and small, an adequate summary of what TV provides now with casual largesse would show clearly that the owner of a TV set has the greatest of all cathedrals of the motion picture right in his own living room. Thus the immense collection of films made during the past forty years has scarcely been touched.

Most films are headed sooner or later for the TV plate. And it would be clear that a spectre is haunting Hollywood without any evidence drawn from films shown on TV: the continual widening of the screen is sufficient in itself to show how troubled and helpless Hollywood is. It is, in fact, in a state which can only be called *acutely* transitional. This is also true of TV as a whole and of the entire entertainment industry since the new medium may dominate or devour all the older forms. But less obvious, I think, and just as important, or more important, is the fact that the filmgoer himself is in a state of profound flux.

The beginning of the revolution can be marked with more ease in the making of films than in the filmgoer's experience. Thus, the tendency of actors to commute between Hollywood and the TV studios increases for the perfectly good reason that TV pays well, as Ray Milland, one of the most successful commuters, freely avowed; and TV's enormous audience is bound to make it the final arbiter of a film's financial success, gradually or rapidly modifying the way in which films are made.

The experience of the filmgoer—the viewer of TV, to use the awkward and somehow unsavory name coined for him—is, as direct inspection for a short period will demonstrate, subject to a profound and continual change about which, so far as I know, almost nothing has been said. As the viewer moves

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back and forth between the TV plate and the motion picture screen, the screen continually becomes larger, whether or not its actual physical size has once more been increased.

The TV plate may become larger than the present span of seventeen, twenty-one or twenty-four inches. Its limit is probably the dimensions of the living room wall, but even if this unlikely growth should occur, the TV plate as a visual area will remain smaller than that of the screen and the stage also. Yet it will also remain the primary visual norm and hence exercise a profound influence and result in many unpredictable effects. But one fairly probable effect is that the visual area of the TV plate will be the frequent visual medium within which the director, the scenario writer and thus the actors tend to operate.

One possibility, to judge by the unreliable and ambiguous evidence of all forms of TV—the TV drama, variety show, and spectacular as well as the film made solely for TV presentation—is a fatal blow to the magnetism of the screen star. The evidence for this eventuality is too fragmentary and too dubious to be set down in detail: one can say that the Hollywood stars in TV shows do lose much of their radiance and the true TV star does not appear in TV films or dramas but only, like Liberace, in comparative isolation, or like Sid Caesar in complete domination of his own company which is natural enough in a variety show but may be unnaturally difficult otherwise. This may be due, however, not to the TV plate as a medium of acting, but to the fabulous cost of TV time and production combined with the popularity of the variety comedian. Whatever the fate of the screen star may be in future films which will at the very least appear on TV as well as on the screen, it is certainly hard to doubt that the close up and the aural powers of the actor will come to possess a new or renewed importance, and the chief reason is again the comparative smallness of the visual area of the TV plate.

This is merely one illustration of any number of possibilities, but most of them can hardly be described with any greater degree of concreteness, save perhaps by someone close rather than distant from the production of films. But what is perhaps the most important change in the attitudes and expectations of the filmgoer and viewer of films on TV is a complex, but unquestionable fact. It has been the object of very little serious attention, so far as I can make out, and yet it seems the most radical of all modifications and the most difficult to evaluate. The filmgoer who now views films as often or more often on TV loses what must be called, for lack of a better phrase, that portion of his "escape from freedom" which he found when he saw a motion picture on the screen. Once the filmgoer made his choice of a film, if, in fact, choice and not habit governed him, he was done with the anxiety of choice for the length of the picture show: and the double feature was but one attraction which made the motion picture theatre resemble a luxury liner, a rest cure and a pipe dream. But as a viewer the escape from the continual daily pressure of freedom and choice not only has been annulled, but the alternatives of choice have increased. The result is that one may look at the same film on the screen as on the TV plate and yet have two experiences which differ because the viewer is continuously aware that he possesses the choice of other brave new worlds and can reach them by extending his hand and turning the dial.

If you think only of TV, the change may not seem as radical as it is, particularly since there are so many attractions on TV other than motion pictures; one has only to think of such proven favorites as Congressional investigating committees and the major league pennant races. And besides, the experience of TV is at once so new and so various that, apart from the children, a set of primary expectations has not taken any abiding form and when it does it may be as free and fluid as that of the circus. But this is not true of watching a motion picture on TV—or for that matter a baseball game—and when one concentrates on the screen as the only medium of motion pictures, one gets a fresh sense of the entire constellation of conditions which supported the escape from freedom of choice, and the hypnotic spell of the screen. The darkness and the omission of intermissions both may seem—as in fact they probably were at first, technical and accidental traits of the film upon the screen. The poor lighting and camera work of the early films may have been the initial cause of the degree of darkness; and the intermissions of the stage may have been forgone either for the sake of the financial benefits of continuous performances or, at the very start, because no stage company requires a breathing spell nor were there sets that took time for installation and removal. But whatever their origin, these and other characteristics of the experiences of films continued and flourished so much that any change was troubling enough to be protested. And for a very good reason; a lesser degree of darkness means that the dream quality of a film experience is diminished while intermissions are clearly for those opinionated people who are interested in talking all the time. The enchantment of the dream is broken by intermissions, light, self-appointed commentators on life, love and crime, as well as the TV alternatives of one to twelve other channels.

In a *New Yorker* cartoon last winter, a wife turns to her husband at the performance of a play and says, "If this were on TV, we would turn to another channel." In last week's *TV Guide*, there is a piece recommending the ownership of two TV sets by every family: "Surest way of avoiding arguments," and the article continues by discussing the menace of TV's choices to domestic tranquillity, omitting naturally only the logically foolproof alternative of returning to the primitive condition of no TV set. These two instances of the intuitive awareness of how powerful the fact of choice is in the experience of any kind of TV program and its inevitable reverberations on other forms of entertainment testify to two very different audiences: the sophisticated reader of *The New Yorker* will hardly modify the making of films, but the weekly *TV Guide*, directing itself to the largest audience of all time and existing to provide that enormous heterogeneous audience with a complete list and partial account of its wealth of choice should suggest the vast competitive arena in which Hollywood has hardly ventured. The TV viewer knows that he has a variety of choice; the maker of films knows that he must deal and cope with this variety and with an audience which may become more fickle. It is within these boundaries that Hollywood filmmaking has to move.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Reaction in Canada

SIRS:

In recent editorials, you have referred to the large measure of social legislation in Canada. By revealing only part of the picture your readers may get the impression that Canada is a bulwark of liberalism. In many instances we lag far behind the US in legislation.

We had none of the New Deal measures undertaken by the Roosevelt Administration during the hungry thirties, only the meanest type of relief. Most of our progressive legislation has been put into effect during and since the war, and then only because the presence of an energetic and growing farmer-labor party, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, frightened the status quo governments into half-hearted action.

Trade unionism has lagged far behind that of the States, although it is gaining momentum today. On the average, the standard of living of the Canadian family is one-third lower that of its American counterpart.

There is no capital gains tax of any kind. Speculative profit is completely tax free and the load of taxation falls on the shoulders of the salaried worker and wage earner.

Monopoly, semi and complete, is widespread. Governmental investigation over the past several years has revealed private price fixing in milling, gasoline, cement, dental and drug supplies, newsprint and other papers, and a multitude of other industries. Combines, when exposed, are subject to fines and then proceed on their merry way.

Old age pensions are paid to everyone at the age of 70 and average $40 to $50 a month. For many aged, this is their only income and they exist in meanest squalor.

Banking is of the chain variety and is concentrated. By the turn of the century there were forty banks in Canada and by 1923, through mergers, the number had shrunk to ten. The big three of banking, Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank and Bank of Commerce, control 70 percent of the banking business.

Natural resources have been dissipated in an extravagant manner. In the Turner Valley area of Alberta, escaping gas from oil drilling operations was burned. Gas flares lit up the hills and valleys of this area for the life of the field, almost twenty years, destroying a trillion cubic feet of natural gas. A "cut out and get out" policy has been practiced in forests and only very recently has the government inaugurated and enforced conservation measures.

JEAN MCNEELY

Vancouver, B. C.

► Automation and Full Production

SIRS:

What will "Automation" do to this country? Just the same as excessive agricultural production has done. Machines can be bought and installed, machines which will amortize themselves in from 120 to 360 days. After that the profit becomes pretty good. But there is one real danger, just as there was with regard to agricultural production. Under Automation, the full productive capacity of the US can produce as great a surplus of manufactured goods as we now have of agricultural products. Things can and will be made faster than we can buy and wear them out. What will we do then? We will allocate subsidy funds and establish great storage reservoirs like we now have for wheat, corn, cotton and other products. . . .

There are thousands of stores now in the US where many manufactured items are sold for less than the manufacturer expected to get for them. Under Automation these stores will be a dime a dozen in every big city.

RUSSELL DIXON

San Francisco, Calif.

► The Pot and the Kettle?

SIRS:

Chuckling delightedly, you say that Hearstling Pegler was fined $175,001.00 for maligning good old Quent Reynolds, but that his employer had to pick up the tab, his penalty for not watching his "parlor-McCarthy" more closely. Then you proceed to demolish the character of Eisenhower's (?) choice for a position on the AEC in a manner that would make either Senator McCarthy or Westbrook look like a rank amateur. In the face of such antics, how you can obtain men like Malcolm Cowley and Ralph McGill to contribute to your rabid raglet is mystifying, to say the least.

R. A. MCEVILLEY

Norwood, Ohio

► Johnny and the Literati

SIRS:

The heated correspondence evoked by Lois M. Rettie's review of Flesch's *Why Johnny Can't Read* (*NR*, June 13), leads me to ask a question that has been bothering me for some time:

Why is it that no matter how politically liberal a literary man may be, he usually turns out to be the most rabid and intolerant kind of a reactionary where education is concerned? . . . Is it because English teachers have somehow been led to expect more from the educative process than it can deliver under present conditions? Is there some basic antagonism or personality conflict that exists between the people who are attracted to literary fields and those who are attracted to professional education? Perhaps there is something about the educator that makes him the very epitome of Philistinism.

I wish some perceptive person would riddle me this.

HENRY CLAY LINDGREN

San Francisco, Calif.

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Here's a new look at prisons, crime and psychiatry, the adequacy of today's programs for proper rehabilitation and treatment of thousands of offenders.

KENNETH DAVIS in Iowa with the Soviet farmers

Mr. Davis, a frequent contributor to NR and a noted observer of the Midwest farm scene, will travel with the Russian farmers, visiting the US this month, and will report the reactions of their American hosts as well as those of the Soviet tourists.

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